

like a
dead man,
thinking,
whatever happened to that essay
I was going to write on
Our Overpayment to Camus and Other French
Bums?
or was it French buns?
I reached out and killed a passing moth
as the Madame
bent down and created art and
me.

yes

rejoice and
asunder.
bake
beans.
dream of
marmalade.
understand
murder and
hypocrisy. understand
Cervantes.
learn to
spell.

walk down the street
with your daughter,
each eating an
icecream
cone.

learn to
die.

boil near left elbow

the death-smell of my stockings
is viciously
imperfect

I drown in vast hindu dreams of
inexperience

hello my darling daughter
hello my fishtail stupid
night

everything I have is
free.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California